THE MAN INSIDE

CORTLAND MYERS

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

presented by

MISS EDITH A. KIPP

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

THE MAN INSIDE

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"The Man Inside"

A STUDY OF ONE'S SELF

By

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"What Makes Me What I Am"

THERE are at least four things that make a man what he is. The first is heredity. By that we mean the law which nature always holds sacred and never fails to make operate in every seed that is planted and every root that is fixed in the ground and in every other department of the natural world. Grapes never grow on thorns and figs never hang on thistles. By culture or some external means the thing itself may be changed and enlarged but never altered into a new life. In other words an oak tree may be changed from a dwarf or scrub oak into a magnificent specimen of that tree life but never into an apple tree.

Solomon was called the wisest of men but he had David with all his poetic genius and intellectual greatness as his ancestor, and beside that in Solomon's career every

single element in that mixed up catalogue of his character had first a place in David's own life.

Moses was one of the greatest of mankind. But Moses had a great mother, the only woman in all the realm who defied or dared to challenge a king. She was the queenliest queen that Egypt ever possessed.

Samuel was the first of the prophets and one of God's mighty men but never forget that Samuel had Hannah for his mother or he never would have been Samuel.

John and Charles Wesley, founders of the Methodist Church, were great men. Charles Wesley wrote some of the greatest hymns the hymnal contains and yet a hundred years after he was dead they found in an old library in England the manuscript copy of a wonderful poem by Charles Wesley's father and every note of music that ever ran in the veins of Charles Wesley came from the heart of his father. John and Charles Wesley were made what they were by their ancestry, the splendid

elements that reigned in the lives of their father and mother.

There were four generations of the Darwins that were studying animals and insects and birds and seeds before Charles Darwin was born.

There were one hundred and twenty musicians in the Bach family.

There were seven generations of ministers that preceded Ralph Waldo Emerson and made him the great preacher and philosopher.

This law is a rigid one and it sounds harsh when we speak of it—the law of heredity—but it is a law that is stamped on all life and there is no variation from it. The Bible reckons with it and reckons with it emphatically. It says "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on their children to the third and fourth generation," and we pause beside that expression when we read it and wonder if there is a good God in the heavens after all, but we fail to remember that right opposite, on the other side, is the merciful, kind side without

which we would not want this world of ours to be, for goodness flows out into the channels of human life just as well as the sin and has its effect on life. Many of us are what we are largely because of our noble ancestry. We are thanking God for the law of heredity on its benevolent side.

Scientists in these days are telling us that the one effort now to make is to improve the stock. They are beginning with the animal in order to work out this scientific principle. Frederick the Great thought he would work according to this same law and improve his part of the world. He did not want his giant grenadiers to run out and so he married them to the tallest women in all his kingdom and the record was that they had children who were simply the ordinary, average, small-sized Prussian people and always were that kind. It did not work out quite as well as Frederick thought it would.

No one in the world, scientists or others, would have objected to Marcus Aurelius

being married. He was the best of all the Roman Empire. No one would have objected to his being married, and yet his son was the commonest specimen of humanity, deep dyed in disgrace and degradation, scarred and stained and stamped with sin.

Who would have dreamed that when that thriftless, lazy carpenter married Nancy Hanks that Abraham Lincoln would ever be their offspring? Yet he was. After all, then, we are reminded that while the law is in operation and always has been and always will be, there are other things that enter into life and we are rejoicing that this is true.

One of the four things that make a man is the law of heredity. The next one is environment. Many scientific men to-day have made a philosophy that is almost a fetish out of this false god of environment. They say, "Give me a handful of seed and I will raise something out of that which will tell you what kind of people they are who eat of the product of my

seed and my soil." "I will feed this man with cabbage and he will be a cabbage man. I will feed that man with wheat and he will be a wheat man. I will feed this man with fish and he will have brains." Change this man's world and give him a different kind of environment, different food to eat, different water to drink and you will make a different man out of him.

A man recently makes the excuse for his sin-stricken life and declares that he is absolutely irresponsible. He was born in a poor neighbourhood in the tenement district in the lowest part of the city where twelve people occupied one room. Where he heard nothing but blasphemy, where there was no element of culture or refinement, where he never heard a prayer or saw a Bible and hardly knew there was a God. Where every bit of air was poisoned and he breathed it all through those early years. His father died in drunkenness and his mother was obliged to go out to work, leaving the children at home and he alone

all day and with bad companions, at last, out of that kind of environment, he went farther and farther down into the depths of dissipation and degradation and sin until at last he says, "The society in which you made me live made me what I am."

He needs another lesson to understand life and yet he has something that ought to find its way into the heart of every thinking man and woman for there are many things in our society to-day that make boys and girls and men and women largely, at least, what they are. When society forces, as it does to-day in some sections of our city in the back yard tenements or somewhere in a garret, men and women to be herded and their children to be herded with them like cattle, then society is largely to blame for the result of that kind of life. When they poorly feed their children or feed them with poison, when society pays a man starvation wages and gives him no liberty or hardly ever permits him to see his family, simply be a cog in a machine, then society is to blame

and the Church of Jesus Christ ought to take a stand constantly against that kind of environment in which we are allowing millions of our fellow men and women to live to-day.

While some people have more money than they know what to do with and are dying in luxury, there are millions of people in the poorest kind of environment and we are making our citizens out of them. What they are surrounded with they are bound to be unless some other element comes in stronger than that element. I have seen in a marsh that was covered with malarial poison, a marsh that meant only death and disease, a marsh that gave out into the world only a destructive force instead of a life-giving force. I have seen in the depths of that marsh, that malarial district, the home of disease, I have seen coming up on to the surface the most beautiful flower that grows in this world. With its snow-white bosom as pure as an angel's heart, with its beautiful center the golden glory of heaven. With a fragrance

that had been emptied out of the vases in the upper world. That wonderful masterpiece of God, the water lily. In the poorest kind of environment that could be made on top of this earth God can grow the whiteness and fragrance that is a part of another world.

I have seen missionaries in heathen lands in the center of heathen degradation and vice and yet in that miserable environment of heathen superstition and sin and beastliness where men and women were living like animals I have seen the sweetest, finest, most beautiful Christian characters I ever saw. You can place a missionary of Jesus Christ, with a pure sweet heart like the water lily's life, down in the marsh of sin and heathenism and it will come out of all that with the garments unstained and as white as an angel's robe. That is wonderful. That is counteracting what men sometimes say is an unvariable and unviolable law.

In New York City a young woman in the early years of life, pure and sweet, used

to go down into the tenement district, climb up the rickety stairs and occupy a room in the very dwellings where the degraded people lived. She breathed the atmosphere that they breathed day after day and yet she became better and sweeter every day she lived.

In the winter days in Florida there was the balmiest air and the most fragrant atmosphere that mortal could breathe, the very zephyrs somehow or other seemed to have been transferred from another world. I have seen the flowers growing, the poinsettias, beautiful and wonderful in their construction and glory. I have seen the roses blossoming fragrant and sweet. I have heard the bird songs like a chorus in the heavens. In contrast to the wonders of the world, in the midst of all that beauty and glory in the southern land I have seen the most unhappy people in the world. I have seen them lose their tempers and turn their tongues into a mountain adder's forked machine. I have seen them spoil the world for themselves and everybody

else. Roses and poinsettias and bird songs and flowers, ah, you do not make life out of those things. There is something vastly more important than that and do not imagine that you can go from the snow banks down to the summer climate of Florida and be an angel when you get there. Environment is a factor but it does not make life. Geography does not make goodness.

Heredity is one of the factors and environment is another. But there is also that kingly power of the will.

They have had a great discussion in recent days, a foolish one too, concerning who the author of Shakespeare was. A Chicago man says the author must have been Bacon because the environment never could have produced a Shakespeare. They tell us it is perfectly ridiculous. That there is nothing at all to make that kind of a man out of Shakespeare's country or home or even Ann Hathaway's home. He lived among the most ordinary, uneducated peasants. He had everything in

the world against him ; there was nothing there to make him a great author and so he could not have been the one who wrote Shakespeare. They say your great poets were always born near the mountains or lakes and your orators stand underneath a great oak tree and get transformed into orators ; so Shakespeare could not be Shakespeare because his environment could not produce him and Bacon had to write Shakespeare. There is something other than living beside mountains and lakes. Many a man has been born in the center of the mountains and never amounted to anything. Many a man has been born on the shore of a lake and never amounted to anything. Millions of men have been born in best environment and never amounted to anything.

Sir Walter Scott found himself one time in debt $600,000. That does not sound very much to millionaires to-day but that was almost beyond any man's wealth in his time and he had not a penny to pay it with. What did he say? This is what

most men would have said: "It is all against me. I have wrong blood in my veins. I am lame and I have an excuse. My environment has always been against me and so I am not going to do this. I will give it up." Was that Sir Walter Scott? Oh, no, that is the ordinary man. That is the man who talks a good deal about heredity and environment but Sir Walter Scott never said anything like that. He stamped his good foot and he said, "I will." Then he went to work. He worked every day and sometimes all night until at last he paid every single dollar of his debt and his beautiful Abbotsford home was left absolutely free. He had saved his good name and died an honest man because he said, "I will." Any crippled man who wants to run a race and says, "I will," will cross the line first.

Samuel Drew sat at his shoemaker's bench thinking one day when suddenly he dropped his hammer and rose up and said, "Well, I am not going to always be a cobbler. I am going to be a philosopher."

He began to study but still he had to keep on with his shoemaking and at last he became one of the world's great philosophers. Out of his shoemaker's shop, out of the poorest kind of environment, with no ancestry back of him, Samuel Drew became the wonder of all the English speaking race and his books are on the library shelves to his glory because he said, "I am a king. I will swing my sceptre." Most rich men were once poor. Most extraordinary men were once very ordinary with no prophecy in them. Statesmen, orators, merchants have all been men that have just had to climb up and clench their fists until sometimes almost literally the blood stains were seen as they pounded the door shut against them and said, "I will go through."

Sir John Lubbock said when he was down in Africa he was talking to an old African chief one day and as he began to ask the old chief some questions the chief went to sleep. When he woke up the great scientist reprimanded him for not learning

what he could and going to sleep under his instruction and the old chief yawned and said, "Ideas always make me sleepy." That is not only in Africa. Every one should wake up to this great idea. It may be heredity that is hindering your progress through life or it may be environment that is hindering you but there is something higher and diviner and better than that. Stand up and swing your sceptre and say before all the world and against all opposition "I will."

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote that famous book "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" and yet Stevenson and all the others who had been writing about that subject only borrowed it from the New Testament and the seventh chapter of Romans and the Apostle Paul. It was the problem of two factors in human life, the evil and the good, one fighting the other. The Apostle Paul reached it when he said, "When I would do good evil is present with me. Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Stevenson's man found a trick by which he could change himself into the person of another man, make an actual transformation of himself. He could change not only his internal thought and feelings but also his external looks and actions. Whenever he wanted to turn himself into Mr. Hyde he took a drug and the miracle was on. He changed his handwriting, he had a separate bank account for Mr. Hyde, everything in life was separate. And when Mr. Hyde, who went down into sin and constantly wallowed in those depths of iniquity, whenever he wanted to get away from it he took the drug and went back to Dr. Jekyl. When the officers were after him he simply had to go into the laboratory and swallow a pill and when they arrived the man they were looking for was not there.

That process went on through the years but this was the peculiar fact about it. Not only by his will could he change himself into another man and so on back and forth but he discovered at last when it was

too late that every time he transformed himself from Dr. Jekyl, who was always so gentlemanly, kind, loving and truthful, into Mr. Hyde, who was so false and untruthful that every time he transformed himself into Mr. Hyde that Mr. Hyde became the stronger until at last the climax was reached. It became harder and harder to make the transfer and then it could not be made at all. Dr. Jekyl was dead and Mr. Hyde still lived but he was damned to eternal darkness and death, helpless and hopeless. Here is the man who finished the sentence that Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde never finished, that Robert Louis Stevenson and no other author ever finished. Here is the man who had the inspiration Divine. He said, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ, my Lord." I have it. "By the grace of God I am what I am." This completes the circle and places into its circumference the last segment.

It is heredity, environment, will and God. If you leave God out you are lost for this world and lost for eternity. It is by the grace of God that a man wins the victory at last over his old self, over his old nature and comes out triumphant. Through Jesus Christ there is victory. That is the factor which must always be placed into life if it is not to be a failure.

We never tire of hearing about that wonderful character, Helen Keller. When she lived in her dark dungeon, without knowing anybody or anything and without knowing any of the secrets outside, when they first broke through that prison wall and let a ray of light into her soul and she discovered that there were people outside and things outside and God outside, she became extremely rebellious. She grew bitter to the last degree. She was almost like an animal in her rage against the conditions which made her what she was and not like other people. But that patient, persistent soul, who was her companion and teacher, kept

up the process against seeming impossibility until at last she discovered to this young girl that the God in the heavens loved her and that love responded to love and if she had a loving heart she would live in a happy world after all and would have a happy life. When she made that discovery the whole world was transformed for her and she saw. I think Helen Keller may have seen more than any other man or woman in America ever saw when she caught the vision that was spiritual and eternal, of the real value of life and of the love of God. Somehow or other from that very hour she has been able to see things and write things and say things like no one else in the world.

When Mark Twain, her special friend, was passing through his valley of shadow when his wife died, Helen Keller wrote him one of the most marvellous pieces of literature. That imprisoned soul had made the great discovery of God's relation to life. She wrote him to reach out his hand through the darkness and get

hold of the hand of God, and she closed up that wonderful letter to Mark Twain by saying, "Though I was blind, yet now I see."

Was there ever environment like Helen Keller's? Was there ever heredity like Helen Keller's? Was there ever broken will like Helen Keller's? But was there ever more magnificent womanhood than Helen Keller's? The miracle began to work the moment she came in touch with God. She reached out her feeble fingers towards the hand of the Infinite and Eternal.

He was born of drunken parents, damned into this world, battered and bruised, just a wee lad, driven out into a cold world, a runaway boy. The first companions he met were two older boys, who were making a plan for robbery and his keen intellect told him how weak their plan was and he told them so. Immediately they wanted his companionship because they wanted his brains so they took him into their circle of thieves and robbers. There was nothing else for him to do.

He had nothing to eat, nothing to drink, no place to sleep. With a marvellous brain to see through things he became the managing genius for this circle of robbers and very quickly, early in life, he landed in State's Prison in New York State. He served there for seven or eight years and then one dark day when one of the keepers was passing him he seized him and almost killed him. Then he was placed twenty long months in solitary confinement, in a cold narrow cell with a stone floor and only one thin blanket for a covering. In that solitary darkness he became almost insane. He contracted tuberculosis of the throat, tuberculosis of the lungs and of every part of his body. Then he became absolutely incorrigible. No one could do anything with him or manage him. He formed all sorts of schemes for underground communications and everything to destroy the government of the prison. They said that in that institution there never had been any one so bad as he.

That is heredity, that is environment, that is broken will. One day Mrs. Field, a beautiful Christian woman, visited the prison. They say that Mrs. Field looked like Canon Blackie's mother. He saw his mother again. He began to drink of the sweet waters of memory and he looked back through the years to his mother. He remembered her. She died in the early years and his father had been left to abuse him but he remembered his mother and here was her image. Then Mrs. Field's love was awakened in her and she led him step by step out of that darkness into the light, out of his sin into a good life, out of his condemnation into the real life in Jesus Christ until she had him in the shadow of the cross, converted, saved.

Then what happened? The State's Prison wardens went across the state to visit him. Christian workers went to see him. Men and women from all over the country went to see him. He only had a few weeks to live but they sent criminals

when he was dying to stand by his bedside and let him talk to them and tell them how to get back to God and the right life.

When three men were to be electrocuted in that jail he wrote them a message which they say was one of the most beautiful pieces that ever dropped from human pen to reach other human hearts, telling those three poor, wrecked murderers how to find their way back home. The miracle had been performed. He rubbed out the black marks of that life on earth and covered them with the glory of a redeemed life by the grace of God.

"What Lifts Me Higher Than I Am"

THE three greatest maxims in the philosophy of human life were uttered by the great Greek Socrates when he said "Know thyself." By the great Roman, Marcus Aurelius, when he said "Control thyself," and by the greatest Teacher of all the human race, the Redeemer of mankind, when He said "Deny thyself."

Two thousand four hundred years ago there lived in the city of Athens a strange human character. He was called the homeliest man in Greece and as far as they knew the homeliest man in the world and that gave him a great reputation.

He was also known for his eccentricities of speech and character. He lived in the presence of his fellow men on the streets and in the market-places and was busy

during the hours of every day teaching his fellow men and giving them something which was of the highest value in the world and giving it to them without money and without price.

He talked to the potters, he talked to the bakers, he talked to the poets, he talked to the orators, he talked to the actors, he talked to everybody. He talked on the street corners and in the markets and everywhere and he had the crowd always listening to him. Many were curiosity seekers. They were there for the special purpose of seeing this great man make fools of the people who asked questions and also to discover the secret of his attraction amongst his fellow men. He was giving away to the people of Athens in those days that great value for humankind which we call wisdom—the highest, divinest kind of wisdom. And that which he was always repeating with emphasis and enlarging upon was the statement "Know thyself." "Know all the faculties and forces in thy own life. Know thy

weakness and know thy strength. Know thy perils and know the safe pathway for thy feet."

Always he was talking on this high level until at last a young lawyer in the city of Athens, a kind of district attorney, had him arrested and brought to trial for creating an uproar and disturbing the people and he made such a fool of that district attorney and had something of the same kind of relation to the jury and the rest of the people that they convicted him and sentenced him to die.

Plato in his "Apology" gives an interesting description of this trial and if you will read the next chapter called the "Crito" you will read the story of how some of Socrates' friends gathered round him and tried to make an escape for him and send him away into exile. He hesitated only a fraction of a second and then said: "If I go away I will save my life and not save my teaching. My teaching goes for nought if I do that. I regard my teaching and my relation to my fellow men

of more importance than my life and I stay right where I am."

The way they had in those days of taking a man's life was to make him drink a cup of hemlock. They brought it to him and the last hours of his life his friends stayed by him and all the time he kept giving them his instruction. They listened and when the time arrived for the cup of hemlock they brought it into his presence and this great man, just on the edge of death, without a moment's hesitation, drained the contents of the cup to the very dregs. The process was to create a sort of gradual death and stupor. All the time he remained in that condition he kept on speaking to his fellow men and the last words must have been intensely impressive as they fell from his lips. First his feet became cold and still he kept on talking. Then it crept to his knees and he kept on talking. Then it crept to his thighs and still he kept on. Then it crept to his body and he still talked, then it reached his heart and he dropped in death.

Throughout his whole marvellous life this great man, Socrates, kept saying to his fellow men "Know thyself. Be true."

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us"

or better than that

"Would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as God sees us."

Or in other words to know ourselves just exactly as we are. Not dressed up for the occasion in our Sunday clothes. Not on the way to the photographer's camera. Not in the externals but to see the man inside. Some X-ray kind of a process by which a man can discover the very secrets and internal elements of his own soul's life. How few of us have ever reached that moment in life when we made this great discovery.

In New York City I went to a great artist and had an oil painting made of myself. A friend of mine forced me into that situation and had me go to this great

artist and have the painting made. I went before him again and again and looked my best and when that picture was finished I did not know myself and no one else knew me. It found its place very quickly with the face to the wall and that wall was the cellar wall.

We have made pictures of ourselves which we have failed to recognize if we were honest, for the reality was not there. The real man or woman was not discovered to ourselves or to others. Know thyself in relation to thy conduct and its relation to thy sympathies or affections. Dost thy conduct issue from a selfish motive or dost thy conduct always issue from an unselfish motive and with a vital relation to the moral sentiments or affections? That is the righteous business a true man will engage in, discover what thy conduct is in relation to the great elements of life.

Know thyself, for instance, in relation to thy conversation and the manner of thy speech. Dost thou talk too much? Most

people do and do not know it. Dost thou talk carelessly or dost thy words drop like dew on the morning grass or come like fragrance from the heart of the flowers? Do thy words drop like oil or do they drop on human hearts and human life like poison? Know thyself. Know thy speech.

A business man takes account of stock and discovers just what his real worth is. How much he really does possess and how much his business is prospering. He is a wise man if he does, he is an ignorant man if he does not. He fails in business and his pathway is the pathway to bankruptcy if he does not do it. If you do not take account of stock and know yourself you are a mere speculator and you are on your way to everlasting bankruptcy. Your first business on earth is to obey this great philosophy of human life and know yourself. Know your weakness. Do you understand that a man's life is just as strong as his weakest point and no stronger? What is thy weakness? A chain is just as strong as its weakest

link. What is thy weakness? Dost thou know the peril that stands over against you? Know thy strength. Know the great faculties God has endowed you with. Mark the values on them and discover them for yourself, for all life is a failure unless you do and the reason for many a life failure is the fact that young men and women have never stopped to discover themselves. They may have talents lying just under the surface, hidden from their vision, and never discover them at all. Know thyself.

One of the great old bishops of America was recently travelling on a railroad train and he could not find his ticket. The conductor came to him and had to pass him because he had gone through all his pockets and could not find it. When a man goes through all his pockets it is a wonder he does not reach his destination before he gets through. The conductor came the second time and still he had not discovered it. The conductor said, "Never mind, you can go on and pay the

next time." Said the old bishop, "That may be well enough for you, but it isn't for me. I have got to have that ticket to know where I am going." The first business in your life is to know where you are going. The absent-minded man always fails to reach his destination. Know thyself.

The next great step higher yet than this was the Roman philosophy. Control thyself.

There was in the Southern army a famous colonel. They said that man wherever he went on the battle-field always had his men in absolute command—in perfect obedience. When he appeared he had a personality that seemed to control the men like no one else could. Never did he fail to win out wherever they placed him. They said it seemed impossible to defeat him, so marvellous was his control over men. When the war was over this Southern colonel went back to his old home, went down into the depths of dissipation and drunkenness, wrecked and

ruined his life until his family were scattered and he was alone on the earth.

An hour came in the city of Charleston when there was a great riot on and the whole city square was crowded with people. They were having tremendous excitement. The police had tried to cope with them and failed. The mayor had done his best. Some one shouted, "Let's go and find the colonel." They found him in his usual haunt of vice and sin, half intoxicated. They dressed him in soldier's garments, put on the cockade and the mayor himself pinned the badge of authority upon his coat and said, "Now, Colonel, I want you to go and quell this riot and I give you the authority."

They mounted him on a white charger and sent him off to the city square. He rode through the crowd right and left, giving his orders, and in twenty minutes the whole square was as quiet as a graveyard. Within one hour he had taken off his regimentals and cockade and thrown his sword one side and was down in the

saloon drinking again and within two months, alone, deserted, without a friend in the world, wrecked and ruined, he died. He slipped into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. What a tragedy! He could control other men. He could control men even on a battle-field and in tremendous peril but he could not control himself.

The last thing men can do in this world is to control themselves. We have controlled almost everything in God's great creation and God gave us the right and ability to do it. We have controlled all the natural world because now we are riding in the air and under the sea and on the earth. We have harnessed electricity and the rivers and almost everything to the chariot of convenience and commerce.

We have taken care that we are masters of nature. We have controlled God's great creation and that is a wonderful achievement. That is kingly and royal. We have even controlled the animal world until there is not an animal on land or in

the sea, not a bird that flies in the heavens, that man has not controlled, tamed, educated, or that he could not if he so desired, all the way from a flea to an elephant. They have all been under the mighty sceptre of this kingly specimen we call man. He has controlled God's whole world and yet he cannot control himself.

Have you ever passed down through a menagerie and seen a sign "Don't poke the animals"? I have seen that and I have learned a lesson from it too. A friend of mine did not obey the order and in two seconds he did not have any umbrella. Others have met the same disaster. But to poke the animals means not only that the animal that is disturbed begins to growl and yell and make a disturbance but the animals in the next cage catch it and the one beyond catches it and so on until you have the whole menagerie all in an uproar because somebody poked the animals.

I have seen a human heart that has exactly the same principle working in it.

The animals were poked. They were there. If the truth could be known you would find in that heart of yours something like a hyena or something like a monkey or hedgehog or something like a bear or lion. All the elements of the animal world are somehow or other gathered into the human heart. You have caged them and when you poke one you hear the noise of all the rest. The king, with the sceptre in his hand, swinging it above all God's world, finds the animal nature within himself beyond his own control.

A man says, "I have a temper and it is my ruin." God pity him, yes, but it is not only his ruin. It is the ruin of all the people with whom he comes in contact. He says, "I have got to get rid of it," and so like the man who sees the stream running down the hillside, he begins to bail the water out. He keeps on and as fast as he bails it out the water keeps running in. He said, "I will fix it this way. I will make a dam," and so he builds a dam but he does not get rid of the water. He

only changes the direction. At last he comes to a wise moment and he says, "I will put a wheel on the side of the bank and I will use it for my good. I will put it to work." He is a wise man. If you try to get rid of your temper you are going to fail. God gave it to you and it is one of your talents but you cannot get rid of it by any mechanical process. You cannot dam it back for it will only run in another direction, but you can make it work for you. It can put the whole stream of your life right and be a great blessing for the world. In other words you can control it and use it. At least this is true and we had better reckon with it: There is only One who ever walked this planet who was able to control Himself. This self of ours it is impossible for us to control. They tell us if we will only control ourselves in the details of our life, the small things of life, we will create by and by a habit that is able to cope with the crises of life and then we can control ourselves. That self of yours can never be

controlled only by the supernatural work of God. Jesus Christ can enter your life and by His divine power the control can be a reality and it can never be a reality in any other way.

One of the things sweet to memory is this. I remember as a boy so many times riding down over those country roads with my father, on the front seat, the high seat of that old lumber wagon, just a mere lad, and my father permitting me to drive the team. I held the reins and in my imagination I had grown from a child into a man. I was driving the horses. Whenever we came to a dangerous part of the road or met another team of horses or came to the railroad crossing like a flash I threw the reins over into my father's hands and let him drive. You can throw the reins of your life over to Jesus Christ and let Him drive when you come to the dangerous, hard places and there is never safety anywhere else. You think you can control the team when the road is smooth but there are dangerous spots in the road,

there are railroad crossings. Throw the reins over into God's hands.

Know thyself, control thyself. This is the climax of it all. Deny thyself.

The great boulder remains on the mountainside for centuries and age long periods, useless, helpless, hopeless, and at last says, "I wish I might have some better relation to the world than this." The answer comes back, "There is only one way and that is to deny yourself. If you are willing to give up your own self then you can have a better relation to the world and accomplish something." So the blast is put underneath it and down the mountainside the huge rock rolls, broken in a hundred pieces in the valley below.

Then in the disintegration of the rock formation of soil goes on until on the bank of the stream in the valley you pick up some of the soil made out of that old boulder. Remember the rock has denied itself and given up its individual existence for the soil. You hold the soil in your hand and the soil says, "I wish I could be

of more value than lying here useless on the bank of the stream," and immediately goes the answer back, "You must give up your life for something higher, then you will have your wish granted."

The soil consents and then you take in the other hand some seeds and they say, "I wish I might have a higher life than I now have." You say, "Give up your life, deny yourself and you will have a higher life. No life can reach a higher life unless it denies itself." The seed gives up its life and the soil has given up its life, then you have the green meadows spreading out before you. It has come from the boulder, down through the soil and into the seed.

The green meadow says, "I wish I could have a larger life," and a giant ox walks down into the meadow and somehow or other by a strange process that meadow grass is turned into the life of that ox and becomes a living thing in the animal world. Then the ox says, "I must have a larger life," and so that ox is slain. He gives up his life and the ox's life goes into the life

of man, making nerves and sinews and blood of a human life. That is a strange process but it went down the whole line from the boulder on the mountainside into the life blood of humankind. This is a marvellous world God has made for us to live in and the great principle will always work. "Deny thyself" is the demand.

I do not know of any more beautiful lines that Lord Tennyson wrote than the story of Enoch Arden. You remember Enoch Arden married a young woman and then went away, following his own life-work, as a sailor on the high seas. The ship was wrecked and he was gone for years. They thought of course he was drowned. In the meantime his wife married again and had children of her own. After the years had passed by Enoch Arden came back to his own home village. Down in the center of the village at the inn the innkeeper told him what had happened and how happy his wife and her Philip were up on the hill. He could hardly believe his ears. He was almost para-

lyzed. After he recovered he said, "I will wait until the evening hour and go up and see for myself." In the gloaming Enoch went up the hillside to their cottage, crept up to the window sill, kneeled down and looked under the curtain to see a bit of heaven dropped down on this earth. There was his wife, whom he loved better than he did his own life, keeping her home like a bit of the other world and Philip sat by the fire with his boy, looking just like him. The tears rolled down like fountains on Enoch Arden's cheeks. But one word from him would have shattered it all. He recovered himself and said, "I will deny myself." In a minute, in sixty seconds, God Almighty had made another king.

He walked away from the cottage, down the hillside, with his broken heart, and yet Lord Tennyson says that Enoch Arden was not all unhappy for just like there are fountains of fresh water bubbling up in the ocean so Enoch Arden as long as life lasted had the fountain of purest joy bubbling up in his heart.

What is this great, highest principle of life? It is the denial of the lowest in us for that which is higher. The denial of something for ourselves which we want very much and which we are ready to give up for the same high motive that Christ Himself gave up His life on Calvary, for the advancement of His kingdom, for the redemption of His world, for the uplift of our fellow men. That is self-denial. Not anything on the surface but something that grips the heart of a man and takes his life blood and gives it up for the highest, divinest purpose. That is Christianity at its best.

A friend of mine said he met a gentleman on a street car and in conversation with him this man said, "I am keeping Lent." My friend said, "How are you keeping it?" He said, "I have sworn off smoking through Lent." "Well," my friend said, "that is worthy. What are you going to do with all the money you are saving?" He said, "I am putting it all away into one place so I can have more money to spend for cigars as soon as Lent

is over." He said he was denying himself but that is as far away as earth is from heaven from keeping the principle of self-denial and the principle of Jesus Christ's life amongst men. There is something deeper and diviner than that.

A young man born up in the hills of Scotland when he reached twenty years of age became convinced that he must make the most of himself and he pushed this principle down into his soul and said, "My life belongs to God." Then he began to study for the ministry and made his resolution that he must go into the darkest part of this world and make his self-denial. He said, "I must change the black part of earth's geography and draw lines on it and throw light into it. I must go into the deepest jungles of heathenism and lay down my life for the sake of Christ and my fellow men." What a program for life that is! Ninety-nine per cent. of all the ambitions in the world are saturated with selfishness. It is an oasis in the desert, it is a bit of heaven for us when we discover

a man absolutely surrendered to a divine principle.

He followed his star and his ideal and laid down his life in the jungles of Africa. That black part of the world's geography has its lines on it, the light is all flooding it now. The jungles are cleared up now. Automobiles, electric lights, villages, towns, schools, colleges, churches, civilization, Christianity are all there now. Everywhere this man walked in heathen darkness he carried the light and at last on his knees he fell down and died for the sake of humanity. If you go to that Pantheon of the dead, Westminster Abbey, you find that visitors stand longest at one tomb and that is the tomb that holds the remains of the body of that consecrated young Scotchman, David Livingstone. That is life and there is no other. I think maybe the most interesting stories the angels listen to may be the experiences of David Livingstone in Africa. It is wonderful to be able to entertain the angels when we get to heaven. They will not want to listen to most of us.

Here is another young man who was an artist, coming to great renown in early life, amazing the people by his painting. He was painting a life size picture, realistic, of a forlorn woman and her child out in a fearful storm with the winds tattering even their very garments. While he was painting it entered into his own soul and it began to live through him and he said, "That is a real picture of my world and human life. What relation have I to it? God knows I must go out into this world and save the people who are out in the storm." He dropped his brush immediately and went down into the slums of London, into the densest, darkest sin and buried himself for years to rescue people in sin. In that darkness in the city a new vision came to him and he said, "This is not enough for me. I must deny myself more than this and I will make my way to the darkest part of the world." Immediately he went to the jungles of Africa and lived a marvellous life. He was the great Bishop Tucker, of Africa.

Drop your brush, take up your cross. That is life at its best.

"What Saves Me From What I Am"

WHAT is saving faith? What does believing in Jesus Christ mean? If a man's eternal destiny hangs on that single act in his life, then we ought to understand it, at least to the limit of our ability.

Christ Himself often used the word "faith." He used it in many connections, but never paused to give an explanation of it. He did not consider it necessary. He was using a word that was common to their own language. It was current coin amongst the very people He addressed. He did not need to pause to give a definition of it. It was easy for them to understand it and it was not necessary for Him to take the time to make an explanation of it and if He did it might be only to push them into the fog. It is one of the simple expressions of the human tongue and one

of the ordinary experiences in the human life. Impossible of definition, but, like some other expressions, often on the lips of Christ. What does "love" mean? We use it frequently. More so than almost any other word. No definition has ever been given to it. No definition can be given to it. It is a part of every-day experience. Those people whom He was addressing knew what it was to trust their friends, and so He did not need to stop to explain to them what it was to trust God. It was exactly the same factor in life, only it had a more tremendous outcome.

One of the great Southern preachers overheard a company of coloured men in conversation on one occasion and one of them said to an aged man in the company, "Uncle Reuben, we wish you would explain to us faith." "Well," said the old coloured man, "that's easy. It is just faith. That's the first thing to know about faith. Faith is nothing more and nothing less than faith, and faith is just faith."

He came very near to our own explana-

tion of it. It is just faith. It is a simple part of human life which is necessary in our relation to God. We need perhaps to throw it into the crucible and see if we can analyze it. What is believing in Christ?

In the first place, we must know the facts about Christ. One of the eminent physicians and surgeons in this country had an only little daughter, whom he and his wife idolized, and, early in life, as most children do have given to them, they furnished a small gold ring for her. That gold ring somehow or other grew a little too small for her and it chafed and removed some of the skin. As often has been the case, the disease germ found its place and where that skin had been removed the cancerous germ entered and before the physician knew what had taken place it had lodged there and the deadly germ had entered her life.

He was almost insane and the only thing he and his consulting physicians could agree to do was to sever the finger

from her hand, which they did. Only a little time passed by when they discovered down farther on the hand the appearance of the same disease. Then what hours of agony he and his wife suffered! He tells of the torture when they walked into her room and on the coverlet lay that little hand with its covering of remedy which the physician was conscious would never be any real remedy. He said they paused, with tears flowing down their cheeks, to say one to the other, "It is only a few days between us and the casket and the grave. Only a few days between us and sorrow and darkness."

Then some one came to him and told him if he was in his place he would try that new discovery of radium. This physician, in one of the leading magazines only a few months before, had written a long article on the impossibility of radium having any effect on human disease. He had bitterly opposed it in the magazine, but when it was a possibility of recovery for his own child then the magazine article

could be thrown into the waste paper basket and removed from any past experience in his life. If anything could be done he was willing to do it in the greatest crisis of his life. He went to Johns Hopkins University and made his investigation. He became convinced that there was something in it. He sold every bit of property he had in the world, every dollar in his possession he furnished for that radium and the cure of his child. Then they placed it on the hand. Then they noticed that the diseased part began to dry up and disappear, and at last it had entirely disappeared. That great physician said, "I am sorry for every word I ever uttered against that splendid remedy for the most awful disease in human life." He said, "I do not know all about it. The fact is I do not know anything about it. I only know some of the facts concerning it and I am absolutely sure of them for I have seen them. They have been a part of my life." He was not able to make the explanation. No man is able

to make the explanation. He simply knew the facts.

That is the one essential for everybody. We must know the facts about Christ in order to step into the pathway of eternal life. What are these facts that must be known?

We must know that such a person lived. That He lived in human form on this earth. That He carried our burdens and met our temptations. That He went through Gethsemane and Pilate's judgment hall and never stopped until He reached Calvary. We must know that such a person as Christ lived and suffered and died.

We must know that He was what He claimed to be—the Son of God. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." He claimed to be the Messiah. He claimed to be the fulfillment of prophecy.

We must not only know that, but we must know that He did what He claimed to do. He came to be a ransom for many. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." "He came to seek and save that

which was lost." He came to fulfill that holy mission on earth. In the hour of temptation the devil tried to stop Him and against that barrier He stood like a giant rock. Peter tried to stop Him and Jesus rebuked him in the most severe terms for his attempt to hinder Him in the pathway to the cross. This was written about Him, that " He set His face steadfastly to go to Calvary," and He did exactly what He claimed to do.

He not only did that but we must also know the fact that Christ, the Redeemer of men, divine Son of God, is able and willing to do this very thing for us. We must bring it right down to our personal relation to Him if we are to really understand Christ's relation to this world and the salvation of men. These facts about Christ must be known; not the explanation.

During our Civil War in the city of Cincinnati one of the generals of our army discovered that some of his secret, private messages were known to the public. There must be a traitor in the telegraph office.

Then they decided to place around that telegraph office a guard of soldiers to secure the culprit if they could. There was a man in the telegraph office who had been discharged. He was ordered not to appear inside the office again, and yet just after his discharge another article appeared in several papers giving information concerning the secret plans of the general. Now how was this done? They never knew at the time, but long afterwards the confession came out. This very man who was discharged, hiding in the darkness, could look through the windows and see what was going on in the telegraph office. He secured an oak shingle, placed it against his ear, and in just the right relation to the wind he could hear the clicking of the instrument in the telegraph office. He found out all the plans and sold them to the newspaper for $50 a column.

There was Marconi's system back fifty years ago. There was wireless telegraphy going on long before man called it wire-

less. That man said, "I do not know anything at all about it. I cannot explain it. I only know the facts. I carried the message from the telegraph office a long distance away and I secured it for the papers."

Marconi would be compelled to make a declaration something like that. He would be compelled to say, "I do not know anything about it after all. The philosophy of it is far from me, but I know the facts." That is the one essential. In order to have an experience in life we must know the facts. I know the facts about wireless telegraphy. I have sent a message fifteen hundred miles across the sea, but I have no explanation to give of it at all. It is a part of life. It is a part of our world's life.

I must know the fact about Christ, but that is only one step in the pathway of faith. The next step is this. My heart must move towards Christ. My heart must desire Christ. There is a striking picture of that in the Scriptures where the Master was in the room with His disciples

and other friends at the feast. Out in the darkness was a poor, sin-stained, broken-hearted specimen of womanhood. She had heard Christ speak in the past. She had heard the facts about Christ. She had seen Him again and again, undoubtedly, but she kept a long distance away from Him. She knew what He was waiting to do for her. Out in the darkness of that night, sin-scarred, broken-hearted, what should she do? That night the facts had come to her mind and her heart moved towards Christ. She could not wait to get near Him. It was not only the mind now, but the affection, that element nearer the center of life, had taken possession of her and she moved towards Christ and, against all opposition, she pushed her way into the courtyard and then into His presence, against rebuke after rebuke. She rushed right into His presence and up to His side, fell down before the couch and wept her heart out. Then she bathed His feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. Her heart went out to the Son

of God. Affection was the supreme element in Magdalene's career. Her heart was completely revolutionized and she became a queen on earth and a queen in glory because she came in touch with the Saviour of the world.

She knew all about Him as far as the mind went, but now her heart pressed its way up to His heart. A great many people simply look at Christ. A great crowd by the cross sat down and looked at Him. Hundreds of people looked at Him on earth, but there were other people in that crowd around the cross who did more. Their hearts went out towards Him. They were agonizing for Him. The affection was the controlling element in the life of John and Peter, of James and Mary, and the others near the cross. Those people could look at Christ and yet be a long way from Him. A great many people in the world to-day, great literary geniuses, philosophers and others, simply look at Christ. They write beautiful expressions about Christ. They say no one

ever lived the ideal life that Christ lived. No one is so to be admired in all the human family as Christ is to be admired. Jesus Christ does not want your admiration. He does not want the admiration of a Renan, or a Strauss, or any one else. He does not ask for your admiration. That is a long distance away from the requisite which God wants from man. Some people treat Him as they would a beautiful part of nature, place it under a microscope and discover the wonders of it. Men have studied Christ microscopically. The devils looked at Christ and they believed, but that belief of the devils only leads to trembling. It never leads to salvation. Many another man in the world has had the experience of Satan's host. Looking at Christ is not coming to Christ and belonging to Christ. Simply admiring Him, talking about Him, respecting Him, looking at Him. Vastly more is needed than that. We need to see Him, but the heart must move out towards Him.

In the Middle West some years ago was a gentleman, whose little child was born deaf and dumb. Shortly afterwards her mother died. He was left alone to care for her, and so lovingly did he care for her that a friend said he never saw anything like it on earth. The child in the family that is crippled always gets the most love and care. He simply surrendered his life to her. Outside of business hours he spent his whole time with her. They were constant companions and the sweetest kind of affection was theirs. They learned a sign language, no one could understand it, but they could understand. So those early years passed by and then he came to the moment when he was going to Europe to be gone several months. A friend said to him, "I would place this child of yours in that institution, where they do wonderful things for the deaf and dumb. She will be best cared for there." He decided to do it. Nearly a year passed by and he was to return. His child had always respected and ad-

mired her father, but that absence almost took her heart and drew it across the sea. She was all the time talking about her father. There was a special reason why she could hardly wait for him to return. It was not enough to just take the step to know the father and appreciate the father. That was not enough. Something else was the supreme element and when he came back this was what took place. That child rushed into her father's arms and pressed her little lips up to his ear and to his amazement she said, "Papa, I love you." They had taught her in seven months to move her lips and say, "Papa." He dropped like a dead man on the floor. It was too much for him. He was completely overcome. She could hardly wait to get her lips up to his ear and tell him that she loved him.

Do you know that is the normal, natural attitude of the human heart towards God at its best? We do not need to know only the facts about Him. Those are all known to every one of us. It is not that. God

is waiting for you, just to have your heart move out towards Him and to hear your whisper of love. Just tell God that you love Him.

The last step in this pathway towards God is this. The mind, the intellect, must know the facts about Christ. The heart, the affection, must desire Christ and move out towards Him. Now the will, that other kingly element in human nature, the will must accept Christ. Could I express it more simply than that? You have all the human nature in it, the mind, the affection and the will, and that is faith. Nothing less than that is faith. Not to look at Christ, not only to have a desire for Christ, but this is the climax and essential part of it. I must will to accept Christ. That is like all other principles of our human life. It is only lifted to a higher level.

It was years ago when Daniel Webster's old father called him into his presence, after many consultations with his wife and after they had made sacrifices for this boy. He said, "Daniel, my boy, we have de-

cided to send you to Dartmouth College. We are going to make all kinds of sacrifices to have you finish your education just as you want to finish it." He dropped down on his knees and sobbed his heart out. It was too much. He was almost overcome. That was all right up to that point, but something is beyond all that. When Daniel Webster years after became the great orator, none surpassed him in his rhetoric, or his logic, or his eloquence. When he delivered his famous reply to Hayne in the United States Senate he was above all the other orators at that period in American life. It was the climax of eloquence. The old father and mother making their sacrifices and plans, the boy's college career with its education, all that entered into it, but the supreme element that made Daniel Webster what he was was his own kingly will. He willed to do the thing. He willed to go. He willed to study. He willed to sacrifice. He willed to be. And all along the pathway he willed to do and no man in this world ever accom-

plished anything that did not make that the supreme factor of the accomplishment.

Some one has recently written about the wonderful possibilities given to young men and young women some years ago. The angel of the hills came out and said, "Here are the hills filled with iron just for you." The angel of the mountains came out and said, "Here are the mountains filled with coal just for you." The angel of the fields came out and said, "Here is the harvest all for you." That sounds good. We have a great many self-made men in America and they are boasting of it now, but if an angel comes and whispers to you it is only a small part of the business after all. I can hear angel whispers, too, and there is something back of it that is tremendously more important than that. No self-made man in this world ever met with success who did not have as the supreme element operating in his life the will to do the thing. Any man who has made success in life must have been willing to pay the price. Are you willing to

let every drop of blood that runs through your veins be consecrated to the highest and best in your life? Are you willing to say "I will" at any cost?

If that is true of every-day life it is true of the most important part of human life —the religious part. No man can be a Christian, or a child of God, until he says "I will," and says it with all the meaning that goes into that expression, "I will accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour." It is not only to admire Him and respect Him, read your Bible and say your prayers, but we are to surrender our will to God. The mind, the heart, the will, are all included in faith.

Some one comes rushing towards a man and says, "Your house is on fire." The man sits perfectly still and never moves. What is the matter with him? Another man near him pushes him and says, "Didn't you hear what he said? Your house is on fire." "Yes," he says, "I heard him." "Well," says the other, "don't you believe it?" "Yes," he an-

swers, but never moves. Where ought we to take him? He is a dangerous man. He has no mind. If a man believes his house is on fire he will start and run and nothing on earth can stop him. He did not believe it. That was the trouble. If he believes it he will act on it.

Another man is out in a snow-storm. The cold, wintry wind has gone into his veins and arteries until he is stiffened and almost frozen to death. Some one comes along and finds him in that condition. The frozen man tells him he wants to go home and tells him where his home is. The friend looks down the roadway and sees a light in the window of a house, the very house they want. He says, "The only thing for you to do now is to make haste and reach home." He wants to go home. He has the desire to get there, but he drops down in the snow to die. He sees the home, but does not get there. How many men and women get a glimpse of their heavenly home in the storms of this world but instead of going on towards

it they remain just where they are and make no move to cross the threshold. They stay out in the storms of sin, when God has made it possible, just by saying "I will," to come in and be saved forever.

I knew all about the facts concerning Japan, China and the Hawaiian Islands on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. I had a desire to see those facts for myself and have them enter into my life. There were some barriers in the way, financial barriers and other kinds, but at last the plans had been made to see those facts, which I had read about and knew about on the other side of the ocean. I started across this continent and reached San Francisco. You say it is all settled now. The thing is complete. The facts have become real? I say no. The crisis is not yet. The last moment was when in San Francisco harbour I went to the ship, paused a minute and looked her over, stepped my foot on the gangplank and surrendered myself to that ship for a month. The crucial moment was there. The ship took

me across, I know that, but the supreme moment was when I said, "I will go up the gangplank and surrender myself to the ship." I went across the Pacific and saw what I had read about.

The same thing is absolutely true of every one of us in our relation to the kingdom of God. We believe in these things. Our hearts move out towards them. We desire them and say, "I wish they were true," but there has to come a time of testing, as it came to Noah. Some one has said that the ark saved Noah. I do not think so. It was Noah's will that saved him. He surrendered his will to God's plan for his redemption and entered the ark. That old ark would have floated around and he would never have been saved if he had not gone in and said, "I surrender myself to the ark." The door was opened but no man can be saved until he surrenders his will and goes inside. I think it is perfectly simple, this whole plan of God.

When Spain controlled the island of Cuba some years ago there was a United

States citizen who was captured in Havana and was to be shot. The soldiers were drawn up in front of him and were just waiting for the signal to shoot. Suddenly the United States consul, who had heard of what was going on, rushed between the soldiers and quickly threw the United States flag about the man waiting to be shot, and in the best Spanish he could utter, said, "I dare you to fire on that flag!" The guns were dropped, no shot was fired, and there was no bullet hole in the stars and stripes. That man said when he was going away to Key West, Florida, "I had seen that old flag ten thousand times. My heart had gone out towards it. I knew something about it, but when I snuggled down in its crimson folds, my God, I never can forget that feeling."

This is the great secret. This is the climax of Faith. Surrender yourself to Jesus Christ and no peril can reach you in time or eternity. He that believeth with his intellect, his affections and his will hath everlasting life.

"What Takes Me From Where I Am"

WHEN the great ocean steamship was hesitating before the final plunge into the depths of the sea to remain there forever in its watery grave with its precious load of human freight, on the deck of the steamer stood, amongst his fellow men and in the midst of all that excitement, a man with majestic calmness, facing death. A friend of his walked up to him and said, "How do you feel in the presence of death?" He instantly replied, "What is death? Why fear death? Death is only the great adventure."

We are amazed at the serenity of that man in such an hour. It is so far removed from our experience or our thought of that coming experience. And yet most of us as Christian men and women ought to be nearer this confidence than the man who

so dramatically expressed himself at the sinking of the ocean liner and went down to his death with marvellous calmness.

Frederick Myers, the famous scientist and the man who made himself especially famous by his psychical researches, visited a Christian gentleman and at the dinner hour the scientist began to talk about the great future and the hour of death and immortality, and finally his Christian friend turned to him and said, "I know we shall all enter eternal bliss, but I wish you would not talk about such a disagreeable subject." Is not that about the same attitude most of us take to this same question? We are all very sure of entering eternal bliss, but we do not want to talk about the disagreeable subject.

If it is true then that this is the greatest truth that can find its way into the human heart, and if it is the greatest that finds its way into the human heart, then it ought to be accompanied by the divinest peace and the sweetest joy that is ever known to human experience.

Death is life's great change. We have recently been facing a condition like which the world never saw and so far removed from anything through which we ourselves have passed. I fear we have almost become hardened to these conditions. We read in the daily papers that ten thousand men were killed, that twenty thousand men went to their death, that fifty thousand men were slain on that battle front, that one hundred thousand men were lost in that campaign, that already one million men have been killed in the great battles of Europe. We read that more than one-half of all the students and professors in the German universities have been killed; that there is scarcely a home in all Europe where, in one form or another, death has not found its way, that every man, woman and child still living in the European continent walks up and down the earth with sad faces and dressed in mourning. We read that the boys are now being brought forward, not yet twenty years of age, pushed by the thou-

sands into the battle line and are going down to their death in astonishing numbers. These boys just standing on the threshold of life, not yet having really lived, are on the battle-fields of Europe.

We have become so hardened to the information, startling as it was at first and startling as it ought to be now, that I wonder if our aspect has not been entirely changed in these hours. I wonder if we have not thought of it like a number of bugs that drop from the electric light pole and are found dead in the morning. I wonder if our aspect may not have been changed and we somehow or other have a materialistic vision. I wonder if those men who see their fellow men dying by the thousand and who trample on them while they are dying, I wonder if they have become so accustomed to death that it is entirely changed in their vision? Oh, the horrors of this hour in more ways than one, but if it changes our aspect of the great adventure of human life and hardens these hearts of ours and drives us almost into

the animal, that then is the saddest calamity of all.

England has what they call the Festival of the Harvest Home. It was in past years and centuries more freighted with meaning than it is now. It was the time when the harvests were gathered in and the grapevines were giving up their luscious fruit. The barns were full and the granaries were bursting and they had the harvest home. England is having her harvest home now. It is not granaries and barns that are burdened. It is the harvest home of death.

Facing these conditions and with our thoughts constantly turned towards them, it is a very wise thing if we with a Christian vision can discover what is death. Death is life's great change in whatever form it may come. Understand me, it is not annihilation, the end of life. It is life's great change. There can be no annihilation or else the scientist is wrong, revelation is wrong, and everything in God's world is wrong. There is nothing in this world which the scientist knows about that ends

forever. It changes, but the scientist has never discovered one annihilation in the universe yet. So why should we think that the end comes with death when nothing has ended? We cannot think that. You cannot think of your life ending in your normal, natural mental condition. It is impossible for a human being to think of himself or herself ending existence. You cannot think it. It is simply life's great change from one form of existence into another.

Longfellow said, "It is only transition, there is no death." It is going from one room to another. It is going from a poor home into a good home. It is going from a cold world into God's eternal springtime. It is a change that we are making. You have changed already. They tell us we change every few years, some say four and a half years, some say five, some say seven, that this body of mine and yours changes entirely and we are not the same being at all. The child in the cradle is exactly the same personality as the boy in the vigorous hours of his boyhood life and yet completely

changed. There is not a particle of that boy's physical body in the cradle which now remains in the boy's life in the hours of his boyhood and yet he is exactly the same. The father and mother recognize him as the same boy. No one could convince him he is not the same. It is the change that has taken place in his life. The boy is the same, but is transformed into manhood. The man is the same in middle life and the old man just on the edge of the grave looks back to the cradle through all these changes, maybe a dozen of them; he is an entirely different man and yet he is the same person as the child in the cradle.

We have experienced all these changes and now we come to the greatest of them all, life's great change, and we need not fear that great change when it comes any more than we do these other changes. There is something in it that may be joyful. Scientists tell us that maybe instead of any pain in the hour of death it will be the sweetest experience through which the

human life has ever passed. I believe that. When this body is broken and these nerves are weakened, the soul remains the same. The soul life is stronger and we are more in the other world than we are in this. We are experiencing a part of heaven before we get there and this great change may be the most joyful experience we ever passed through. It need not be looked forward to with dread, a change that means pain and fear and horror and darkness. It may be the lightest, brightest, happiest moment of life. You died last night. You died to your own consciousness. You literally died last night. You knew nothing about yourself. You went to sleep and were lost to yourself and lost to the world. In the brightness of the morning you awaked once more. You are going to sleep again some day, that blessed sleep and in the morning, that bright, beautiful morning in the glory you will awake; for the great change is coming. Do not mistake it. It is not the end. It is life's great change.

I saw recently that marvel of modern photography which brings the whole process of two or three months before your eyes within a few seconds. You can see the flower grow and blossom right before your eyes. I saw a caterpillar on the limb of a tree, eating the leaves, filling himself to the full with his breakfast. Then I saw him on that same limb, after he had taken his breakfast, begin that strange process of weaving the cocoon. He wove himself into the center and they broke it to make it harder for him. Then he mended it and at last had himself all enclosed and then the cocoon began to break. Something crawled out of that break and then out into the air and the most beautiful butterfly you ever saw floated into God's sunlight. It was a great change from a caterpillar to a butterfly. There will be a great change some day from that physical worn-out, pain-stricken, racked body of yours, it will be a great change into one of God's glorious creatures in heaven. No more wonderful than the

butterfly, only the touch of God on human life.

A child took me out in her garden in the springtime and showed me her own plants and picked the flowers for me with her little hands of love. She grew them herself in her own garden. She planted the seeds, she waited for them to appear on the surface of the earth, she furnished all the encouragement and help she could and then gloried in her achievement when the blossoms came into vision. I did not stop, when she showed me the garden and told me about the planting of the seeds, to explain to her the scientific process through which the seed must have passed. If I had I might have gotten into deep water myself and maybe I would not have known any more than she did. I took the flower from her hand and I pressed it to my face. Its fragrance went into my life and I did not say a word. The miracle had been performed. She had seen it work and no explanation was necessary.

I am very sure that when this mortal

shall have at last been planted, like the seed is planted in the earth, somehow or other in God's great providence there shall rise out of it the flower and beauty of Christian character and life, soul life, spiritual life, glorified life, forever in heaven. Just now that child is taking one of those flowers and she is transplanting it from the garden into the house where it is warm and she is going to keep it all winter. Why should not God transplant His flowers out of the cold world and the winter time into the gardens of heaven? Why should not God transplant us?

I have a watch in which you could discover, if you opened it, amongst all the wonderful machinery in it, that upon which it depends most of all, a little fine bit of wire called the hair-spring. It seems almost impossible that it could be made so small and do its work so well. In a mine out in the Alleghany Mountains somewhere there is iron ore and they bring the iron ore out of the Alleghany Mountains into the smelters and steel foundries and

so the process goes on and on until at last you have that small hair-spring to do its work in the watch. There is no real connection apparent between that watch spring and the piece of rough iron ore down in the ground in the Alleghany Mountains, but by the genius of man through one change after another you come to find the watch spring doing its work perfectly, and I am very sure that God can do more than my fellow men with all their genius and ability can do. Man can transform the most unlikely thing. But God can accomplish far beyond the possibility of man. That steel spring in my watch is exactly the same thing as that iron ore out in the mountains of Pennsylvania, only it is changed. That is all, so marvellously changed.

I remember being on an ocean steamship, approaching the home shore, when suddenly the ship pushed her bow into a great fog bank and buried itself in the fog. Then came those hours through the daytime and through the night, and especially

through the night, when the fog horn made the night hideous and the fog bell helped to make it more hideous. The engine slowed down and yet the great steamship kept on pushing its nose through the darkness and on and on until at last one morning, one bright beautiful morning, she found her way in the glory of the sunlight into New York harbour and we were home.

I have been through human life something like that on a voyage. I have been in the fog bank and felt my way through the darkness and the mystery of this world in which I live. I could not answer the questions and I have been compelled to slow down and yet, by God's grace, pushed on and on through the fog until that morning, that glorious morning, I shall enter the harbour and be home, safe home, at last.

Death is not only life's great change, but death is the Christian's great gain. I am not speaking of other men and women. They meet the great change, but they may not meet the same destiny,

but death is for the Christian a great gain. We have other gains as Christian men and women and we are rejoicing in them and they make up the larger part of our life, but we have not yet received our great gain. That is coming. Death is the Christian's great gain. "For me to die is gain."

That famous old artist who painted his pictures and then painted his masterpiece called "The Valley of Shadows." When he came to the last moments of life and was on his death-bed called one of his servants to him and said, "Bring my canvas in front of me. I have made an awful mistake." The servant brought it and placed it on the easel. "Now bring me my brush. I have blundered. I have painted it 'The Valley of Shadows'; I am in it now and it is the valley of light." And with his dying hand he drew the brush across the canvas and turned the shadows all into light and fell back on his pillow and died. He had made the valley of the shadows and he said it was the

valley of light. It is the Divine revelation, it is the valley of light and the great gain for the Christian is the hour when that light shines on his life.

It is the gain of complete victory. The moment death comes we have it. We have been struggling for it on earth. We have been struggling and fighting these years, heroically many of us and we have never achieved victory. We have not won the complete victory yet. Even this man of God did not have it, for he was the man who cried out of his own soul, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Thank God, through Jesus Christ, my Lord." He had it at last. There was no more sin and no more battle. The victory had been won. You do not need to tell me any more about heaven than this. Tell me there will be no sin in heaven. If I could live in this world without sin I would be satisfied to live here forever. Sin has damned it and cursed it and ruined it. Take me to a world without

sin. For the Christian, death is the complete victory over sin. It is won at last by God's grace. Oh, what a triumph to have no more sinful thoughts and desires. No more sinful words and no more sinful acts. To have complete victory over myself and to be kingly forever in Christ Jesus! This man of God had his physical defects, and he grieved and mourned over it. He asked God to take it away from him. He asked God to take the thorn out of his flesh. God did not see fit to do it then, but He did it one day. Paul's vision came back like an archangel's and his physical life all came to its glorification and there was complete victory over the weaknesses and sins of life. Does not that give us somehow or other new inspiration? Does it not make us feel as if we would like just now to experience complete victory? It is the Christian's gain when death comes. The last battle has been fought and victory is ours forever.

Not only is it the gain of complete victory, but it is the gain of the great re-

alities. We are living in unrealities. We are having in our hands the tinsel. We think we have jewels, but it is only cut glass. We think we have treasures, but they are of no value. All these things which are taking up so much of our life and upon which we are placing so much emphasis are not the realities. They are temporal and unreal. We will awake in the morning hour of eternity to the great reality.

Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest preacher America has ever produced and second to Henry Ward Beecher was his own father, Lyman Beecher. Henry Ward Beecher was a great preacher because he had Lyman Beecher for a father. Henry Ward had preached in Plymouth pulpit one of his wonderful sermons and at the close of that sermon, just as he was finishing with the climax of eloquence, tottering down the aisle came his old father. He walked right to the front, everybody's attention fastened on him, and up to the pulpit and stood alongside of his son

and began to talk in a disconnected, insane fashion, for he had lost part of his faculties. That loving son put his arm right around his old father, before the thousands, and in a second of inspiration he said, "My fellow men, my old father is like a man who has lived a long time in an old house and has decided to move and change into a larger, better one and he sent on ahead most of the furniture and when it was decided that he should not go immediately, it did not seem worth while to move the furniture back, so he is just waiting to go to the new house." Then he pronounced the benediction and they went home. Old Lyman Beecher just sent on ahead some of the best furniture he had and it was not worth while sending it back when they delayed his going for some good purpose.

It is not only a great gain in this respect, but it will be the great gain of eternal life. We have no comparison to make now. The great gain of eternal, unending life.

There was a boy in a Paris street who

lost eight thousand dollars' worth of radium. He had it in his pocket, but somehow that boy's coat was not radium proof and it burned a hole right through and disappeared. Thank God that this body of ours is not soul proof. The immortal is going to move through these prison bars when death comes and go to its rightful place.

Wagner, in his broken-down condition, said to Liszt one day, " My nerves are like an old piano that is all out of tune and yet the world expects me to produce Siegfried on it." The chords could not break for the music was to be perfected in heaven. Better music than he ever produced on earth.

Not only the gain of all this, but once more death means for the Christian the gain of unending friendship and companionship in heaven. To be forever with our loved ones and never more any separation. To know them better and love them better and they to love us more. Perfect in love and perfect in friendship, perfect in companionship. There will be

no more separation and we are all to be forever in eternal friendship and companionship of heaven. Then we are to be with Him forever. Do you not long to see Him some time? If you do not, you do not love Him. You must long to see the people you love. Do you not long to see Christ face to face? If you do not, you do not love Him. It will be ecstasy in the glory when we meet Him face to face and when we can stay with Him forever. That is the meaning of death. Paul said, "It is better far for me to depart and be with Christ." He knew and we ought to know. It is heaven to be with Christ. That is my gain.

There was a boy travelling through the west and it was a long journey he had over the prairies. He sat in the railway train alone by himself. It was a day when the sun burned down with tremendous heat. It was a day when the dust was filling the car and everybody noticed that that boy in his loneliness was happier and more contented than all the rest. He

looked out over the sand and seemed to see what no one else saw. Finally a lady walked across the aisle and leaning down to him, said, "My boy, I have been thinking about you to-day. Do you not get very tired taking this long journey?" "Well," he said, "I do not think I am very tired. It is hot and it is dusty. It is more than I thought it was going to be, but I am happy. I am happy because father is going to meet me at the end of the journey."

Oh, that is it. Now you have it. It is hot and it is dusty. We are tired and life has its weariness and its pain, but we ought to have new joy come into our hearts because our Father is going to meet us at the end of the journey.

Why be afraid of Death as though your life were breath!
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping, you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench,
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind.
A day,—and you will meet,—a night,—and you will greet!

This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life.

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,
And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last the best.

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